

The Historie of

Hot. That Roan shal be my throne. Well, I wil back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke,

Lady. But heare you my Lord,

Hot. What saiest thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In faith I know your busines *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you

Hot. So far a foot, I shal be weary, loue.

La. Com, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true,

Hot. Away, away you trisler, loue; I loue thee not,

I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world

To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,

We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes,

And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.

What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?

Wel, doe not then? for since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me?

Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare,

I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me?

Whither I go: nor reason were about.

Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,

This euening must I leaue you gentle *Kate*.

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,

Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,

But yet a woman, and for secrecie,

No Lady closer, for I will beleue,

Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know:

And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, so far?

Henry the Fourth.

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*
Whither I go, thither shall you goe too:

To day will I set forward, to morrow you:

Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Prince. *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poynes. Where hast beene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure-score Hogs-heads. I haue founded the very bale string of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of Drawers and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the king of *Curtesie*, & tell me flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they cal me) and when I am king of *England*, I shall command al the good lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; & when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any *Tinker* in his owne language during my life. I will tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then 3. shillings & 6. pence, & *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon sir, skore a pint of Bastard in the Halfe moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, & do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon: step aside, and Ile shew thee a present.*

Poynes. *Francis.*

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poynes. *Francis.*

Fran. *Anon, anon sir, looke down into the Pomgranet, Ralfe.*

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Prince.